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OUR COUNTRY IS THE WORLD—OUR COUNTRYMEN, ALL MANKIND.

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THE LIBERATOR.

From the Abolitionist for June.

THE LATE JOHN KENRICK, ESQ.

Our last number mentioned the death of

JOHN KENRICK, Esq. of Newton, President

of the New-England Anti-Slavery Society.

We are happy to have it in our power to lay

before our readers some few particulars respect-

ing the life of this venerable philanthropist.

He was born at Newton, Massachusetts,

Nov. 6, 1755, and consequently, at the time of

his death was in his seventy-ninth year.

He was, in the words of one who was well

acquainted with him, 'characterized through-

out, by industry, economy, punctuality, and in-

tegrity.' By the exercise of these virtues, he ac-

quired a handsome property, which he employ-

ed liberally in promoting benevolent objects.

Some years ago, he established a fund for

relieving the unfortunate and in-

fortunate poor of Newton. The trustees of

this fund, at present, distribute \$60 a year,

from the income of the fund; and after 1850,

will be able to distribute \$200 a year.

He had for many years before his death

deep interest in the abolition of slavery,

and published a considerable number of

articles on the subject, in the newspapers at

different times. He was an ardent friend of

the Republic of Hayti, and published several

pieces in relation to it.

In the year 1816, he published a small

volume compiled by himself, entitled the 'Hor-

rors of Slavery.' This work is in two parts, the

first chiefly composed of extracts from the
speeches of British statesmen; the second,
chiefly of extracts from American writers.
It contains also an introduction and concluding
remarks by the compiler. He printed 3,000
copies of the work at his own expense, which he
distributed chiefly among the members of Con-
gress, and of the State Legislatures, and other
persons in the Northern and Western States.

Mr. Kenrick sent a copy of this work to

Boyer, the President of the Haytian Republic.

The following is a translation of a letter from

President Boyer acknowledging the receipt

of the volume.

'REPUBLIC OF HAYTI.

Jean Pierre Boyer, President of Hayti.

Port-au-Prince, June 9, 1818.

The 15th year of Independence. }

SIR,—I have received the work which you

were kind enough to send me, entitled the

'Horrors of Slavery,' and am duly sensible of

your civility in presenting it to me. I have

read the volume with the liveliest interest,

and cannot but applaud the motives which in-

duced you to prepare it. I fondly cherish the

idea that the exertions of philanthropists,

among whom you are so honorably distinguish-

ed, will ere long be crowned with the most

brilliant success, and that humanity will no

longer groan under the barbarous laws which

still support in some countries the atrocious

system of slavery. It will be your glory and

consolation, Sir, and that of those who, like

you, consecrate their talents and leisure, in

pleading at the tribunal of reason the sacred

cause of the oppressed, to see the victims of a

detestable avarice, one day restored to the

dignity of men, and enjoying their right of re-

turning unceasing thanks to Heaven, in grate-

ful for what they owe you.

Continue, Sir, to execute the honorable de-

sign you have engaged in. Your philantropic

devotedness, your ardent zeal to promote

the cause of justice and public morals, will

make you deserving of the esteem and veneration

of your cotemporaries and posterity.

For myself, I feel a real satisfaction in offer-

ing you the expression of these sentiments,

and in assuring you that I will do every thing

in my power to co-operate with you in the

holy work of regenerating those of our breth-

ren who have been robbed of their liberty.

I have the honor to salute you, &c. &c.

BOYER.

Mr. Kenrick took a deep interest in the

New-England Anti-Slavery Society, and was

from its commencement one of its most liberal

patrons and useful friends. He gave several

sums to the society, at different times, amount-

ing in the whole to six hundred dollars, be-

sides one hundred dollars specially devoted to

and the ultimate overthrow of man-stealing;
three irrefutable objections are offered.

1. It is utterly impossible for that Society to

accomplish an object which they candidly

avow they do not even design. This is con-

trary to the fundamental axiom of all philoso-

phy; for this would be producing an effect

not only without a cause, but absolutely in de-

fiance of a large combination of causes all op-

erating against the result.

2. The slave-drivers boldly declare that

they will never give up their ungodly claim to

the bodies and souls of their colored fellow-

citizens. But those very persons who thus af-

firm, are the chief supporters of the Coloniza-

tion scheme. How, therefore, the Coloniza-

tion Society can execute a grand scheme of

justice, while they avow a determination pre-

cisely contrary, is among the questions of

moral philosophy, the solution of which defies

all the professors of that casuistical science.

3. The payment to men-stealers of their

stipulated exaction for their slaves would be

only a reward for their past felony, and a bribe

for their continued licentiousness, to nurture

more of their own offspring for the human

flesh market. Of all the wicked absurdities,

which avarice and dishonesty ever propagat-

ed, no one exceeds in sheer impudence and

corruption the proposition to remunerate the

slave drivers for a partial or entire abandon-

ment of their piratical traffic and detention of

their fellow citizens in accursed slavery. But

if slavery will not be extirpated until this pre-

mium is paid; and the Colonization Society

cannot, from want of funds and by their con-

stitution could not thus appropriate their su-

perfluous dollars, though they were rich as So-

lomon; is it not most indecisively deceitful to

propagate the notion, that the Colonization

Society can abolish slavery? is it not most

scandalously fraudulent to collect money from

the public upon such visionary pretenses?

It is also a very impressive fact, that there

is no objection to the color of a man, as long

as he can be made a machine for labor and

profit; nor is a woman's skin offensive as long

as she can be coerced as a tool of sensuality.

There is no distaste to the color of a slave;

all the pretended disgust is to a skin not of

European hue when the wearer of it is free.

Therefore to talk of abolishing American sla-

very as long as children are engendered mere-

ly as articles of profit, is just as wise as it would

be to attempt to empty the Atlantic ocean with

a thimble!

The following numerical facts, which were

selected from the authentic returns of the in-

habitants in the United States at different pe-

riods, will clearly elucidate this most interest-

ing subject. It was deemed superfluous to

advert to the northern portions of the republic,

because the results there are not relevant

to the primary object of our proposed inquiry.

In the year 1790, according to the national

census, there were in the States south of the

Potomac and the Ohio rivers 1,016,629 white

persons—550,604 slaves—and 20,415 free

colored citizens. From this enumeration it fol-

lows, that the slaves were rather more than

one half of the number of the whites, and the

free colored people in the proportion of one to

fifty: or the whites to the whole colored popu-

lation were 101 to 57.

At that period slavery was indignantly de-

nounced; and the spirit-stirring discussions of

Wilberforce, Fox, &c. in the British Parlia-

ment startled the civilized world. Our own

citizens also pretended to reprobate slavery,

complained of the evil, and expressed their

anxiety for the removal of it; but they have

invariably done every thing in their power to

prolong and extend the evil; and notwith-

standing they have made furiously boisterous

speeches, respecting the rights of man and the

glorious revolution. What then?

Ten years passed away, and in 1800, the

second census of the United States was tak-

en; and it appeared that the white people in

the same section of the southern country had

increased to 1,426,846. The slaves amounted

to 742,063—and the free colored citizens to

32,604; which very little varied the propor-

tionate increase of the whites and the colored

people. It must be noticed, however, that the

increase of the free colored persons could have

been scarcely anything at all by direct eman-

cipation; as they would have multiplied nearly

in the ratio mentioned in natural course;

exclusive of the fact, that the first census, from

the novelty of the system, was very inaccur-

ately taken; and there is no doubt that there

were many more free colored persons than

those who were then enumerated. Hence, it

is manifest, that all the love of universal lib-

erty and hatred of the evils of slavery, of which

the slaveholders talked so loud, were of no

more value than a parrot's monotonous un-

meaning sounds.

Proceed! Another decennial era revolved;

and in 1810, the third census was demanded,

and what was the result? The whites num-

bered 1,884,981—the slaves 1,039,769—and

the free colored citizens 58,046. This enu-

meration displays a large proportionate in-

crease in the slaves over the white people at

the rate of 4 to 3. On the first of January,

1808, all importations of the Africans ceased

by law; that piratical system then was author-

itatively abolished. The same vociferations

were instantly heard on the fourth of July in

praise of freedom; the same execrations of

British tyranny; the same hypocritical boasts

of 'the land of the free, and the home of the'

slave—and yet the internal human flesh trade

extended its operations, and vast numbers of

additional mechanics were employed to man-

ufacture cowshins, and to forge fetters and

chains for American native, and of course,

free born citizens.

Go on! The sun proceeded through ten

more of his apparent annual revolutions, and

another census tells the amount of the popula-

tion in our republic; and thus the Marshal's

report of the Southern States; whites 2,429,

832—slaves 1,399,221—free colored citizens

77,040. The increase of slaves over the whites

is in the proportion of 6 to 5; and this is the

boasted gradual abolition of slavery. In 30

years the whites increased 140 per cent; and

the slaves 155, or nearly one ninth more than

their oppressors. During this period, in 1816,

was formed the Colonization Society to trans-

port the innocent free colored people to the

slaveholders' Botany Bay. Notwithstanding

the free colored citizens increased one third, in

spite of all the iniquitous laws which had been

passed in the Southern States entirely prohib-

iting emancipation, or so encumbering it with

venustous impediments, that it is almost im-

practicable for a christian convert in the slave-

holding republics! either to do justice or

show mercy.

Here it may properly be remarked, that the

most oppressive laws which peculiarly affect

the rights of conscience in connection with

slavery, are of novel origin. The slavehold-

ing States, and even some of the legislatures

in those States whence slavery is excluded,

[From the Genius of Temperance.]

HUDSON, Ohio, March 21, 1833.

THE CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR'S DEFENCE OF
'SLAVERY AND COLONIZATION,'
AGAINST
ABOLITION PAMPHLETS.

[BY ELIZUR WRIGHT, JR.]

(Continued.)

'Satan cannot cast out Satan,' says the reviewer. Why then did he endeavor to exorcise Mr. Garrison—in regard to style? Does he not know that 'such wrath and railing, such recklessness and coarseness of vituperation, as fill his writings, may inflame but cannot enlighten, may irritate and enrage, but cannot convince,' Mr. Garrison? The propriety of any style depends very much upon the object to which it is applied. In honest verity, that style is the only one 'to do good with,' which is exactly according to truth, which suits the word to the thing signified. If Mr. Garrison is right in the main question, then his epithets, though severe, are not more so than charity itself demanded. Mr. Garrison has argued the main question, and pretended to settle it; and he has used a certain style of rebuke accordingly. The reviewer, without at all approaching the main question, and without even quoting a single passage to substantiate his charge, pronounces Mr. Garrison's writings full of 'wrath and railing, reckless and coarseness of vituperation.' Let the candid judge who is the reader.

In concluding his review of Mr. Garrison's pamphlet, the reviewer says, 'We cannot doubt that the efforts of this writer, and his coadjutors, are disastrously delaying the arrival of that hour, when public sentiment, in the slaveholding States, shall turn with a rapid and irresistible tide against slavery.' With just as much reason he might also have pronounced, *ex cathedra*, that the uncompromising exposition of the second commandment in the decalogue, by the missionaries of the American Board, is disastrously delaying the arrival of that hour when public sentiment in idolatrous countries shall turn with a rapid and irresistible tide against idolatry. The truth, after all, is the thing by which the work is to be done—an apostle—though he would not, probably, counsel any one to do right with a wrong spirit—would rather have the truth preached out of envy and strife, than not at all.

I follow the reviewer to the second pamphlet, which he describes as the production of 'two zealous and leading friends of abolition in England. James Cropper's letter to Thos. Clarkson, is a letter of expostulation on account of Mr. Clarkson's testimony in favor of the enterprise of the American Colonization Society, and it refers the venerable philanthropist, for ample and irresistible conviction of his errors, to 'friend Charles Stuart's' arguments, which are appended under the title 'Prejudice Vincible, &c.'

This would have been a fit occasion for the reviewer to correct that 'base slander' of the abolitionists, which makes the Secretary of the American Colonization Society guilty of falsehood, to promote the objects of the Society, in his manner of publishing in the African Repository, this same letter of Thomas Clarkson. Let the reviewer be assured that a comparison of Mr. Gurley's publication in the December No. of the African Repository, with that in the Boston Recorder for Sept. 5, 1832, has worked in many minds 'an irresistible conviction of the error' of the Colonization Society. Hitherto, explanation has been looked for in vain.

'Captain Stuart,' says the reviewer, 'is a man almost as passionate as Mr. Garrison, but he has a much better idea of the nature of an argument.' One is at a loss whether more to admire the ill nature or the inappropriateness of this remark. What does the reader, 'who understands the nature of an argument,' care for the reviewer's estimate of the author's character in advance? Take notice, says our champion, that the man, whom I am now going to attack, is not much less a blustering braggart, but, he has a much better idea of the use of the sword, than the fellow whom you saw [thrusting me under the ribs?] just now! All this may be very professional, but how much is it to the purpose? The reviewer also courteously remarks, that the 'author's information respecting the nature of the Colonization Society, and the tendency of its efforts, is altogether inadequate. It grieves me to meet with such poor, pitiful cant in an American Christian Review, and especially in the Christian Spectator. I am ashamed to have it cross the Atlantic.

Mr. Stuart had exhibited in three parallel columns, The evils which need a remedy, The remedies needed, and The remedies proposed by the Colonization Society. The inappropriateness of the latter is set in a very clear light. Instead of sending to Africa only the free, Mr. Stuart thinks the true remedy for the evils of the slave system to be 'the immediate abolition of slavery by a legislative enactment in each slave State and in Congress, and the immediate substitution of a law worthy of a great, free, and enlightened people.' Upon this the reviewer thus expends his magazine of wit:

'Reader, notice the admirable simplicity of the proposal. The remedy for slavery is, that slavery should cease. How simple and yet how effectual. Certainly this looks like philosophy. A fire is raging in a crowded street. Men are hurrying to and fro, and forming lines to bring from distant reservoirs. 'Stop,' cries a looker on, of speculative habits, 'the remedy for this spreading evil is perfectly obvious; you have only to arrest, immediately, the combination of oxygen with yonder combustible substances, and all will be well. This is no half-way plan, no far fetched contrivance; it is simple, and strikes at the very root of the mischief. How beautiful is the simplicity of truth. How charming is divine philosophy.' Ah! Mr. Philosopher, you talk learnedly; no doubt the way to stop a fire is to make it cease burning; but there is a practical difficulty about your proposal. You propose a result, but say nothing about the process. The question with a working man, who desires to do something towards the extinction of the fire, is now? Your remedy is extinction; but our question of how you leave unanswered. How is this combination of oxygen with combustible substances to be arrested? Answer us that, Mr. Philosopher, and you tell us some-

thing to the purpose. So we answer Captain Stuart.

Now, to take the reviewer's striking simile, what is the Colonization Society doing to put out the great fire? Throwing on water? Not a drop. Casting on oil, rather. As a Society it is busy in removing from around the burning building a few extinguished brands! And as a Society it cays to the few, who come with their buckets, 'O do not meddle with the fire, a few buckets may exasperate, they cannot quench the flames.' And it would have us believe that as brand after brand tumbles into the street, it shall be removed, and that in this way the fire will at last be put out. Eminently practical men!

But let us leave the reviewer to excite, with his witty comparison, the laugh of the selfish at the expense of 2,000,000 of groaning fellow men, while we come to the plain matter of fact. Slaveholding is altogether a voluntary thing. The reviewer himself presently admits that the abolition of slavery is not absolutely 'beyond the reach of human effort'—not quite so much so as an enlargement of 'the moon's orbit.' Just so far then as it is a moral evil, the remedy must lie in the will of the slaveholders, and no where else. It is perfectly in point then to propose and to urge the simple remedy of immediate repentance. It is not in point to propose any thing else. Would not the reviewer proceed upon such principles in his communications from the pulpit? Suppose, after he had been urging a congregation of hard hearted sinners to repent, some 'triangular' doctor should thus accost him, 'Sir, no doubt the way to stop sin is to make people repent, but there is a practical difficulty in your proposal. You say nothing about the process, the now. The question with us practical men is, by what means shall the result be compassed; how shall we make people immediately repent?' What would the reviewer, a New Haven theologian, as he is, say to such logic? What means of repentance would he feel himself bound to put in requisition? Would he, like the other, throw the main burden of the business upon the Almighty?—would he set himself solely about removing a set of obstacles out of the way?—and say nothing about the duty of immediate repentance? The sneers of the reviewer are out of joint with his own theology as well as with the common sense of mankind. To urge the duty of the immediate abolition of slavery, with all the motives furnished by facts, is to throw water upon the fire. To propose any other remedy, is to concede the point, or to treat slavery altogether as a physical evil. Says the colonizationist to the slaveholder, 'join with me in removing the free blacks to Liberia; you can easily see that it will give safety and permanency to the tenure by which you hold a certain kind of property; your own interests as a proprietor recommend the plan. I hope, to be sure, that it will tend to the ultimate extinction of slavery;—but we will not fall out on that point. Let us work peaceably together;—you may enjoy your demonstration, and I will enjoy my hope!' Such insanity cannot be found in Bedlam—it flourishes only in the atmosphere of sanctified prejudice, or misguided public opinion.

The reviewer makes a similar objection to the remedy proposed for the African Slave Trade, viz. The shutting up of the market, or 'the immediate and universal abolition of negro slavery.' He is fond of italicizing the word 'immediate,' evidently from the stale blunder that because abolitionists preach, to slaveholders, the duty of immediately and at once abolishing slavery, it follows that they themselves expect to abolish it at this very moment; and that they regard 'the immediate and universal abolition of negro slavery as the first and only thing to be done,' by themselves, 'for the termination of the African Slave Trade.' And for this the reviewer pronounces them 'deserving of a place in the Academy of Philosophers on the flying Island.' But let us look at the darling scheme of the Colonization Society by the light of the reviewer's own illustration. A piece of ground subject to the overflow of the tide is to be reclaimed. The moon's attraction is the cause of this mischief, but as that cannot be changed, it is proposed to dike out the tide. Now one thing is certain; the dike will be perfectly useless till it is completed. So long as there is a gap in it, the tide will come in. The dike, as an obstruction, causes not a hair breadth diminution in the depth of the water, though it may cause some agitation in the influx. In the same manner planting colonies on the coast of Africa can effect nothing at all till the whole coast is occupied. But suppose the whole coast occupied, suppose the dike drawn around the margin of that vast continent, what sort of a dike is it? Will it stand? Will it stop water? No. If all the revenue-guarding and revenue-collecting force of Britain—her coasts picketed with custom houses and swarming with revenue cutters—cannot stop the influx of contraband goods; can a line of money making colonies on the coast of Africa stop the efflux of slaves demanded by the pampered avarice and lust of the American continent? Is there any thing practical in such a scheme? Why, you might as well attempt to dam up all the rivers of Africa, that they should not discharge a drop into the ocean, with frost work brought from Greenland. The pressure is not inward, but outward, and the cause is more powerful than gravity, although it is 'absolutely' within the control of the human will. But if this cordon of colonies could be drawn around Africa, and should morally and physically put its veto upon the African trade, what is gained by it? Simply the protection of the domestic manufacture! You have 'changed the place but kept the pain.' You have transferred the profits of supplying the great market of human flesh, from the pockets of the ship owner to the pockets of the Maryland or Virginia planter. What have been the practical results of the abolition of the African Slave Trade as a legal commerce? 1. The raising up of an illicit commerce, the horrors of whose 'middle passage' are still more dark and unmitigated. 2. The increase of the domestic trade. Thus has the great market been supplied, and the tide of African we has rolled on almost unchecked. Look for instance at the planters along the slave cursed shores of the Chesapeake, sending to the southern market as their chief staple, from 10,000 to 15,000 slaves annually! Let it be remarked,

that while I place so little value on the already developed practical results of the abolition of the African slave trade, I do not undervalue it in point of principle. Ten thousand blessings on the heads of those who achieved that victory. It was a noble one, and settled principles so utterly subversive of slavery, that they will never cease to give energy to the measures of good men till they find their legitimate application in the destruction of the system. When slavery falls, then and not till then will the slave trade be actually abolished. What then shall be said of the sanity of a reviewer who expects to diminish the slave trade by planting a colony or two on the coast of Africa, while slavery itself is supported by the laws of the South, and the ethics of the North? In what lunatic academy, this side of the moon itself, does he deserve a place.

Again, with regard to the remedy proposed for the ruinous condition of the slaveholding States, viz. the conversion of their slave laborers into free, the reviewer asks, 'How shall we make the people of South Carolina willing to give freedom to their bondmen?' If he speaks in the name of the Society, I would reply, 'free your own slaves, it being notorious that you practically hold on to the slave labor system.' If he speaks as a Northern philanthropist, I would reply, 'surely you need not expect to persuade the Carolinians to substitute free for slave labor, by removing the free laborers.'

(To be concluded.)

ANTI-SLAVERY MEETING IN LONDON.

The following account of a great Anti-Slavery meeting, in London, on the first day of April last, is extracted from the New-York Observer; and no person can read without emotions of the most conflicting character—exultation at the glorious triumph which must shortly be resounded over the death of British colonial slavery—and humiliation at the scorn and contempt which all other nations feel towards us for our *canting* hypocrisy, and audacious crime of manstealing. Well may British Christians pour out their tremendous rebukes for our guilt—and their 'indignant expressions' respecting our insulting mockery, and the enormities of slavery! May it be instantly 'frowned from the face of the earth'!

LONDON, April 6, 1833.

I did not believe, nor even dream, till I attended a special meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society at Exeter Hall, that the extinction of slavery in all parts of the British empire is so near. But before the meeting had closed, when there was an occasional allusion to the slavery of the United States, and in one instance a tremendous rebuke for the apathy of our citizens on the great subject, as well as their inconsistency, my mortification was extreme; I could not endure the gaze of many eyes, which I knew were turned upon me, and I dropped my head and looked upon the floor for relief; I wished myself away, out of sight and out of mind; and yet I would not have failed to be there for any thing. It was a great treat—a 'feast of fat things' to those who have any sympathy for the oppressed.

It was half past 12 when I arrived, and the meeting was in progress. As I landed on the platform I met the eye of a friend, who beckoned, and gave me a standing position, squeezed among the crowd by himself. To my great surprise I found not only the platform, but the immense hall literally crammed. Mr. Buxton, M. P. and the leading advocate of slaves, Dr. Lushington only being his equal in this kind of notoriety,—was in the middle of a speech.

Mr. Buxton is a sort of giant in stature, neither handsome nor graceful. He is an awkward speaker too, but he is a matter of fact man; and that in such a cause makes eloquence. He was dealing out facts in bundles, and some new facts. The sympathies of the great assembly were very high, and their cordial reception of the important things was occasionally boisterous.

Mr. Buxton produced a new pamphlet, just published by an Englishman, whose business had led him to Jamaica, in 1832, and who had spent six weeks upon a plantation there. He went out with prejudices in favor of slaveholders; but the atrocities he witnessed in the barbarous treatment of slaves, and the information he obtained, had compelled his better feelings to disclose what he knew on his return to England.

Mr. Buxton began to read some of the statements; but they were insufferable; the audience could not endure them. 'No more! no more! no more!' was the universal clamor through the hall. 'Where can the pamphlet be had? Who is the publisher?' was the next cry. 'Hatchard, Piccadilly,' was the answer by Mr. Buxton; and he laid the pamphlet on the table, and proceeded to comments, and to other considerations.

It is a sublime sight to see such an assembly, the representatives of an empire, sympathizing so deeply and so powerfully for the oppressions of fellow beings. An old man, who stood near me, of about seventy years, well dressed, with a cocked hat upon his head, was so much affected by these statements, that he sat down, and wept like a child. His whole frame was so agitated, that he required the particular and anxious attentions of a young man, that appeared to be his son.

And yet all this appeared to be only a sober narrative of the common every-day routine of cruelties, inseparable from such a system of slavery as exists in the West India Islands; and, indeed almost wherever it is found. If the recent accounts of James Stuart, of slavery in our own most Southern States are to be credited, the same cruelties are extensively practised every day on our own soil. The heart of man revolts from the picture, weeping as much for the shame of those who inflict the sufferings, as for the agony of those who endure them.

And all this to demonstrate the same unaltered course, since the late great excitement at Jamaica. Two separate committees of the House of Commons have been engaged for several months past in taking evidence on the subject of African slavery in the colonies, and infant slavery in the factories of Great Britain; and the developments of these examinations

have roused the public mind on both topics, and urged the sentiments of the whole community to a crisis.

You need not be surprised, if within six months it shall be announced to the world, that slavery is abolished from all the colonies of the British empire!—that within that period, the day of universal emancipation, in these limits, shall be fixed! And shall it be, that the British nation shall have done itself this honor, at a time when no one can see the end of slavery in the United States of America! I blushed—and blushed again, when I saw that such was likely to be the fact; and I can never cease to be ashamed! Ever since I have been in Great Britain, I have had more and more occasion to observe, that the virtue of this community on this subject is far in advance of the same feeling in my own country. And yet, there is the specific Declaration of the rights of man, staring upon us, and I had almost said, insulting the world, in the original charter, which asserted our independence! It is, at least, and so far, a mockery!

I do not speak from the enthusiasm of the moment and of such a meeting; it was evidently the deliberate and firm conviction of all present, that the time had come for the emancipation of slaves, throughout the British Colonies of the western world. The meeting was most respectable. Lord Suffield, who has been chairman of the committee of investigation for the House of Commons, was also chairman of this meeting; and there was a most respectable representation from both Houses of Parliament on the platform, many of whom took a part in the discussions. Take the whole assembly, a better representative of public opinion could not have been collected. Earl Fitzwilliam, lately succeeding to his father in the House of Lords and to an immense estate, made a most decided and eloquent speech. His son, Lord Milton, M. P. emulated his father's example. Lord Morpeth, M. P. was eloquent as an angel's tongue, and sustained by the loudest and most decided applause I have ever heard in a like assembly. The Rev. Mr. Cunningham, author of 'The Velvet Cushion,' Churchman, and the Rev. Mr. Burnett, Independent, were both characteristically eloquent and well sustained. The speakers were numerous and highly animated, and although it was five o'clock before the meeting closed, no one thought of being tired. The tide of public opinion might be seen, in this assembly, rolling onward with irresistible flood, never to ebb, till it shall have washed away the stain of slavery from the British name. It was a perfect demonstration of triumph; and no ministry of the crown can stand, that will not attend to the beating of this pulse.

Doctor Lushington was there. He is not an easy speaker; but he is an energetic one. I had a side view of him, while he was addressing the audience, and I can never forget the impression he made upon me, when he delivered one of his most indignant expressions respecting the enormities of slavery. Were I a painter I would certainly attempt the picture of the assembly, the hall, the platform, the whole scene, from the position I occupied, and above all the man, his face, his eye, his bending forward, his gesture, his all-penetrating look, expressing his full-souled, indignant emotions, with the very sentiment in his mouth! and it ought to be enough to frown slavery from the face of the earth. Yours, &c.

A VOICE FROM YORK, (PA.)

YORK, (Pa.) March 7th, 1833.

At a large and respectable meeting of the colored inhabitants of the Borough of York, held at their church, on the 7th instant, for the purpose of expressing their views in relation to the American Colonization Society—

On motion, Mr. Noah Hooker was appointed President, Mr. H. Clements, Vice President, and Mr. Island Meads, Secretary.

The house was then called to order, and a prayer was offered up by the Rev. William More. At the request of the meeting, Mr. Stephen Davidge then stated the object of the meeting. Mr. Davidge was followed in a speech by Mr. Zelicher Newman.

The following resolutions, were then on motion of Mr. Newman, seconded by Mr. Meads, unanimously adopted by the meeting.

Resolved, That it is the opinion of this meeting that the American Colonization Society is actuated by the same motives which influenced the mind of Pharaoh when he ordered the male children of the Israelites to be destroyed.

Resolved, That it is the belief of this meeting that the Society is the greatest foe to the free colored and slave population with whom liberty and equality have to contend.

Resolved, That we look upon the man of color that would be influenced by the Society to emigrate to Liberia as an enemy to the cause, and a traitor to his brethren.

Resolved, That although we are the last in expressing our sentiments, we feel the same heart flowing love towards our colored brethren who have long been kept in bondage in these United States of America, which are called the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Resolved, That it is the opinion of this meeting that many of those who are engaged in this scheme, would be willing, if it were in their power, to place us before the point of the bayonet and drive us out of existence, so that they may get rid of that dark cloud, as we are termed, which hangs over these United States of America.

Resolved, That it is our belief that we have committed no crime worthy of banishment, and that we will resist all the attempts of the Colonization Society to banish us from this our native land.

Resolved, That we consider ourselves the legitimate sons of America, and therefore have no desire to leave this our native land.

Resolved, That we will not countenance the doctrine of any pretended minister of the gospel, no matter of what profession he may be, we therefore warn all our colored brethren to beware of the false prophets of the Colonization system.

Resolved, That there be a Committee of three appointed to write an address to our colored brethren in Philadelphia, New York and wherever they may think proper. The Committee appointed was Mr. Peter Gambrel, Mr. Hamilton Gray and Mr. Island Meads.

Resolved, That the thanks of this meeting be returned to Messrs. William Lloyd Garrison and Isaac Knapp, and to every friend of our behalf.

Resolved, That there be a committee appointed to elect a Delegate to meet the General Convention held in Philadelphia on the first Monday in June.

The Committee appointed was Samuel Mars, Sen., Hamilton Gray, Peter Gambrel, Joshua Brooks, William Welsh, Samuel Johnson, Singleton Gray, Bigs Butler, William Crawford, Stephen Davidge, and Zelicher Newman.

The above committee appoint Mr. Stephen Davidge to be the Delegate to meet the Convention held in Philadelphia.

Resolved, That the proceedings of this meeting be signed by the President, Vice President, and Secretary.

NOAH HOOKER, President,
HEZEKIAH CLEMENTS, Vice President,
I. MEADS, Secretary.

[For the Liberator.]

THE CANTERBURY AFFAIR.

The editor of the Windham County Advertiser, a few weeks ago, copied into his paper a violent and ungentlemanly attack upon Miss Crandall, her school, and her friends—prefacing it by some remarks of his own, in which he declared his determination to admit articles upon both sides of the question. Your readers have seen the article to which I allude. It was copied into a late number of the Liberator, and signed 'A friend to the Colonization cause.' As the Advertiser man had come to be so liberal, I immediately sat down and wrote a reply to 'A friend to the Colonization cause'—and sent it to the Advertiser for insertion. It was rejected. I might, if I chose, be severe upon the worthy (?) editor; but I will spare him. At the earnest request of some of Miss C's friends in this region, I send the article to you for insertion in the Liberator.

[For the Advertiser.]

MR. EDITOR—Perceiving that you have done what many of your brother editors refuse to do, in opening your columns to both sides of the question relative to Miss Crandall's school, I take the liberty to send you an article for insertion. I have ardently longed to take up my pen in defence of the oppressed—to unite my efforts, feeble as they are, with the efforts of those who are striving to disseminate truth and dissipate error; but the press—the press—the free, fearless, independent press—has been closed to me. I have a right, the public has a right to complain of those editors, who refuse to publish on both sides of any deeply interesting subject, when requested to do so; but such there are even in enlightened Connecticut.

You have copied into your last two papers, the articles written by the people of Canterbury in defence of their conduct towards Miss Crandall. I would gladly notice them both at length; but neither my time nor your room will at present admit of it. I shall, therefore, more particularly notice the one last published—dismissing the address of the civil authority of Canterbury to the Colonization Society with the single remark, that some of its statements are not true, and that others are highly colored for effect; and pledging myself, if called upon, to expose, at some future time, the gross misrepresentations of the great organ of Canterbury. At present, however, I will confine my remarks to the last published article. It seems to have been conceived in bitterness and brought forth in malignity and hate. The author did well not to affix his name to it—for such an ebullition of spite and vulgarity and falsehood, would disgrace the veriest blackguard on earth. It abounds in coarse and cruel expressions, and in gross, doubtless, wilful misrepresentations. I will notice some of them. The writer charges the foundation of the school upon the Abolitionists—asserting that they instigated Miss C. to do the act which has roused to wrath the republicans (?) and christians (?) of Canterbury. What authority has he for this charge? None. It is not true, and he knew it was not. Miss Crandall herself, and she alone, first conceived this benevolent project. No one encouraged her in it until she had made known her design to establish such a school. With her aims, therefore, must rest the praise or the blame of its foundation.

Another falsehood I will notice. 'A friend of the Colonization cause' asserts, that it is the design of this school and of the Abolitionists to 'force the two races to amalgamate.' The charge is ungenerous—unjust—untrue! The author of it knew that he was penning a falsehood—black lie! Why do the opponents of the school resort to falsehood? Why do they try to awaken the unholy prejudices of the people? why do they so grossly misrepresent the motives of Miss C. and her friends? why do they add insult to injury? why do they follow the friends of Miss C. with such bitter persecution, if theirs is the cause of justice? Such conduct is unworthy of enlightened and Christian people—it is cruel! barbarous! inhuman!—yet such has been the conduct of some of the people of Canterbury. Oh shame! shame! upon those who resort to falsehood and insult to prop up their oppression! They are fit tools for the despots, but call them not Christians—call them patriots—call them not men!

The article in question abounds in misstatements; but I have only time to mention one.

LITERARY.

A VOICE FROM MOUNT AUBURN.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

A voice from Mount Auburn! a voice!—and it said,
 'Ye have chosen me out as a home for your dead;
 From the bustle of life ye have rendered me free;
 My earth ye have hallowed—henceforth I shall be
 A garden of graves, where your loved ones shall rest!
 O, who will be first to repose on my breast?
 'I now must be peopled from life's busy sphere;
 Ye may roam, but the end of your journey is here.
 I shall call! I shall call! and the many will come
 From the heart of your crowds to so peaceful a home;
 The great and the good, and the young and the old,
 In death's dreamless slumbers, my mansions will hold.
 'To me shall the child his loved parent resign;
 And mother, the babe at thy breast must be mine!
 The brother and sister for me are to part,
 And the lover to break from each tie of the heart;
 I shall rival the bridegroom and take from his side,
 To sleep in my bosom, his beautiful bride.
 'And sweetly secure from all pain they shall lie
 Where the dews gently fall and the streams ripple by;
 While the birds sing their hymns, amid air-harps, that
 sound
 Through the boughs of the forest trees whispering
 around.
 And flowers, bright as Eden's, at morning shall spread
 And at eve drop their leaves o'er the slumberer's bed!
 'But this is all earthly! while thus ye enclose
 A spot where your ashes in peace may repose—
 Where the living may come and commune with the
 dead,
 With God and his soul, and with reverence tread
 On the sod, which he soon may be sleeping below—
 Have ye chosen the home where your spirit shall go?
 'Shall it dwell where the gardens of Paradise bloom,
 And flowers are not opening to die on the tomb?
 With the song of an angel, a venture of light,
 Shall it live in a world free from shadow and blight;
 Where the waters are pure, from a fount never sealed,
 And the secrets of heaven are in glory revealed?
 'A day hastens on—and an arm then shall break
 The bars of the tomb—the dread trumpet shall awake
 The dead from their sleep in the earth and the sea,
 And, 'Render up thine!' shall the sound be to me!
 Prepare for that hour, that my people may stand
 Unawed by the scene at the Judge's right hand!'

[From the London Athenæum.]

THE WIND IN THE WOODS.

'Tis a pleasant sight, on a vernal day,
 When shadow and sun divide the heaven,
 To watch the south wind wake up for play—
 Not on the sea where ships are riven,
 Not on the mountain, 'mid rain and storm,
 But when earth is sunny and green and warm,
 O woodland wind, how I love to see
 Thy beautiful strength in the forest tree!
 Lord of the oak, that seems lord of the wild,
 Thou art shaking his crown and thousand arms
 With the ease of a spirit, the gloe of a child,
 And the pride of a woman who knows her charms;
 And the poplar bends like a merchant's mast,
 His leaves, though they fall not, are fluttering fast;
 And the beach, and the lime, and the ash-crowned hill
 Stir to its core at thy wandering will.
 The pines that uprear themselves dark and tall,
 Black knights of the forest so stately and old,
 They must bow their heads when they hear thy call;
 'Aye, bow like the lily, those Horsemen bold;
 And every tree of the field or bower,
 Or single in strength, or many in power,
 Quiver and thrill from the leaf to the stem,
 For the unseen wind is master of them!
 It is gallant play; for the sun is bright,
 And the rivulet sings a merrier song;
 The grain in the meadow waves dark and light
 As the trees fling shade, or the breeze is strong.
 And over the hills, whether rocky or green,
 Troops of the noonday ghosts are seen;
 The lovely shadows of lovelier clouds,
 With the gleam of the mountain amongst their crowds.
 The birds as they fly scarce use their wings,
 They are borne upon those of the wind to-day;
 And their plumes are ruffled, like all green things,
 And flowers, and streams, by his noisy play.
 One hour—and valley, and wood, and hill,
 May be sleeping and shining all bright and still;
 Not a wave, not a leaf, not a spray in motion,
 Of all which now looks like a vernal ocean—
 Beautiful that—yet I love to see
 Thy strength, O wind, in the forest tree!

[From the Vermont Chronicle.]

THE CUP OF IMPETEMENT.

'Away! away! there's blood upon thy brim.'
 No, offer not the cup to me,
 I would not see its flow;
 Its dark and poison'd brim I'll flee,
 Its guilt I may not know.
 Think'st thou because in youth I'm sad,
 And bitter thoughts are mine,
 And life in sombre robe is clad,
 'That I shall seek the wine?
 What though my cherish'd hopes are fled,
 And now this heart is sore;
 What though these eyes no more shall shed
 The bitter, scalding tear;
 What though a Simoon's withering blight
 Hath swept it o'er my soul;
 Would'st thou that I cease to feel its might
 By draining deep the bowl?
 Why tempt the burning lips to taste
 The poison lurking there?
 Why make this heart an utter waste,
 A dwelling for despair?
 What if this scorch'd and fever'd brain
 Shall wild with anguish grow;
 Shall I the widening wine-cup drain
 To quench its fire? O, no!
 Though grief hath set her Cain-like mark
 Upon my youthful brow,
 And life's bright scenes to me are dark,
 Uncheering in their glow;
 The soul to wasting fires a prey,
 The child of misery,
 And sorrow o'er life's rugged way
 My portion still shall be;
 Though life hath little joy for me,
 And friends I loved are gone;
 And while I brave this stormy sea,
 I feel that I am alone;
 Though life's pale glimmering lamp is dim,
 And soon will set in night,
 The cup with blood upon its brim,
 Shall never quench its light.

HARP OF THE HILLS.

September, 1832.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A FOREIGNER'S ACCOUNT OF PRESIDENT JACKSON. The President generally attends this (the Rev. Mr. Post's Presbyterian) church. His seat is now distinguished from the others in the church. He was attended by his family, among whom was a handsome-looking female, whom I understood to be Mrs. Donelson, his niece. Nothing struck me more than seeing him mixing in the passages of the church with the rest of the congregation as a private individual, and conversing with such of them as he knew on going out, without the slightest official assumption. He bowed to Mr. Kennedy in the seat where I was.

The President has very little the appearance or gait of a soldier, as I have been accustomed to see them. He is extremely spare in his habit of body,—at first sight not altogether unlike Shakespeare's starved apothecary—but he is not an ungenteel man in manner and appearance; and there are marks of good humor, as well as of decision of character, in his countenance.

Mr. Smith, of New-York, a gentleman who holds a high office in the department of the treasury at Washington, and to whom I had a letter of introduction, proposed to me, on the day I delivered it, that I should accompany him to pay a visit to General Jackson. He requested me, on leaving him, to return at one o'clock, when he would have the pleasure of introducing me. In the mean time I returned to the hotel and put on my best coat.

We found no guards at the door of the palace. A porter opened the door, when we ascended the steps, and a single servant ushered us into a plainly, but comfortably furnished, large parlor, at the fireside of which the President, and General Macomb, the commander-in-chief of the army of the United States, and General Atkinson were seated. The President rose as soon as he observed our entrance, and advanced towards us. Mr. Smith introduced me as a stranger travelling through the country, and at present on my way to the southern parts of it. The President took my hand, expressing himself with frankness as glad to see me, and turning to General Macomb and Atkinson, introduced me severally to those gentlemen. Some private conversation then took place between the President and the Generals, after which they departed.

The President again said he was happy he had the pleasure of seeing me, and entered familiarly into conversation, in the course of which I took occasion to express to him the great gratification it afforded me to have an opportunity of witnessing, in the course of my travels through the United States, the happiness and prosperity of the people, certainly the best educated, fed, and clothed in the world. The President answered, that he was much pleased to hear this. He had not been in Europe, which he regretted, but his conviction from all that he had learned, was the same.

After some further conversation with the President, especially respecting my journey to the south, in which he recommended to me not to leave the American continent without being in the State of Tennessee, and at Nashville, we took our leave. I need hardly say, that my reception seemed to me to be exactly what it ought to have been from the chief magistrate of such a republic, easy, unaffected and unreserved, and at the same time not wanting in dignity.—*Stuart's Three Years in America.*

Yankee vs. Yankee.—In the good old times when 'Plymouth Colony' was truly the 'land of steady habits,' there occasionally sprung up a volatile, fun loving character, whose habits and disposition formed a striking contrast with the upright and conscientious bearings of the cold and formal Puritans. An anecdote of two farmers of this class, living near each other, will afford an apt illustration of the text:—one was possessed of some dozen fine sheep, who having a decided antipathy to confinement, would sometimes trespass on the enclosures of their neighbor. He having caught them in one of these overt acts, determined to inflict summary vengeance on them and their owner. With this intention he proceeded to catch them, and running his knife through one of their hind legs, between the tendon and the bone, immediately above the knee joint, put the other through the hole. In this condition the woolly flock decamped, leaving one quarter less tracts than when they came.

The feeder of the sheep kept his own counsel; and soon after his neighbor's hogs having broken or dug into his enclosure, he took advantage of this opportunity for retaliation, by cutting their mouths from ear to ear. In this way the four footed grunters rather chop fallen as may be supposed, made their way to their own quarters. The owner of the swine made his appearance in a great rage, declaring that his hogs were ruined, and that he would have redress. His neighbor made answer, that he was not the cause—'For,' said he, 'the fact is, my friend, I didn't cut open them 'ere hog's mouths, but seen' my sheep running on three legs, they split their mouths a laughin'.'

Ventriloquism.—One evening last week, Mr Newman, the ventriloquist, who has been performing at Beverly for some time, was spending the evening with a few friends at an inn, when a farmer who had been paying ardent devotions to jolly Bacchus, determined to make one of the party, which he did, and was so delighted that in order to keep it up to the last, he said he should stop all night, and accordingly ordered the boot-jack. This was by no means agreeable to the company, one of whom intimated, in a whisper to the ventriloquist, that the obtrusive guest, who had a large family, had just buried his wife. The boot-jack was brought, and one brawny foot uncased, when the farmer was horror struck by the sound of a feeble feminine voice, crying apparently from the boot, 'O John, I little thought you could have forgotten me so soon, and thus neglect my children!' On hearing this appeal, John started, groaned and muttered prayers, and protested that he would never get drunk any more. When he had recovered from his fright and had ascertained that his boot was tenantless, he pulled it on, and rode quietly home.—*English paper.*

PRESENCE OF MIND. A writer in the Hartford Courant relates the following circumstance, illustrating the firmness and prudence of a young female during a recent insurrection among the convicts in the State Prison at Wethersfield. Miss Lucy Bascom, the person to whom I allude, is about eighteen years of age, the daughter of an indigent respectable widow, who officiates as Matron in the female apartments. Occupying a part of the building remote from the guard, indeed from any protector whatever, they were roused from their slumbers at midnight by the appalling cry of one of the female convicts, that the prisoners were out of their cell, and were fast working their way into their unprotected dwelling; instead of shrieking and fainting, in view of their defenceless, exposed situation, or of secreting themselves, which they might have done, and abandon the prison with its inmates to their fate, the daughter with the consent of her mother courageously ascended the wall, sixteen feet in height, and with a rapid, resolute step, proceeded from the western to the eastern extremity of the building, roused the guard from their sleep, and apprised them of their danger.

BALLOON ASCENSION. Mr. Durant, the celebrated aeronaut, made an ascent from Castle Garden, New-York, on Wednesday, rising to the height of 16,000 feet, or upwards of three miles above the earth. His balloon measured nearly 100 feet in circumference. The following is an abstract of his journal.

Started at 4 minutes after 5 o'clock; in 2 m. lost sight of the earth—in 6 m. had risen to the top of the clouds—clear sunshine—continued to rise 39 m.—attained an adjudged altitude of 16,000 feet, or three miles—the heat increased the first 6 m.—at the greatest altitude the cold was intense—let out one anchor with two or three hundred feet of cord—at 32 m. after 6 again touched the upper surface of the clouds—could hear the roar of the surf and judged was over the Atlantic or Sound—4 m. after heard crows—at 6, 39 heard birds singing—1 m. after saw the earth—was over a cluster of trees—threw out a bag of ballast—in less than a minute anchor struck in a grass field on the farm of R. Morris, Esq. 11 miles from City Hall—folded balloon in safety, and started for home—arrived in this city about half past 9 Thursday morning.

SLANDER. He who can choke the sweetest flowers of social love and taint them with disease—or in the paradise of earthly bliss, where the plants of virtue flourish, spread the blight and mildew of desolation, hatred and distrust; who can crush his neighbor's fame to dust and build on its ruins—who can write infamy upon the brow of others to prove his own purity—is neither man nor beast—but a heartless fiend. Those who have seen their dearest interest tampered with—who have known what it is to have the priceless gem of a good name sullied by the poisonous breath of cold, un pitying slander—these best can say that he has no heart. If the lightning's flash ever darts from heaven to strike the guilty down, it will blast the hopes of murderers such as these.

A Royal Kiss.—The Middletown (Conn.) Sentinel gives the following anecdote of the present King of England.—The Prince, when in Boston several years ago, called at a barber's shop to get shaved. After the operation, he took the liberty to kiss the barber's pretty wife, stating to her, you can now say that you have been kissed by one of the Royal blood. Upon which the barber seized him by the collar, pushed him to the door, and then gave him a hearty kick in the rear, telling him that he could now say that he had had a royal kick from one of the republican blood. He was probably more careful in kissing Yankee women afterwards.

Young Ladies for Sale.—In one of the Calcutta newspapers, the following advertisement appeared.—Be it known that six fair and pretty young ladies, with two sweet and engaging young children, lately imported from Europe, having the roses of health blooming on their cheeks, and joy sparkling in their eyes, possessing amiable manners, and highly accomplished, are to be raffled for, next door to the British Gallery. Scheme tickets at twelve rupees each. How shamefully they treat young ladies in Calcutta.—*World of Fashion.*

A genteel looking fellow bargained with a London shop keeper for as much lace as would reach from one of his ears to the other, for a mere trifle; the fellow put down the money, saying 'one ear is here—the other is nailed to the pillory in Bristol. I fear you have not so much by you, therefore I will take what you have on the counter, and trust that the rest will be provided with all possible expedition.'

A wag sometime ago, advertised a carriage to perform without horses with only one wheel, and invited all curious mechanics to see it. Many members of the society of arts attended and in their ardor of expectation were shown a wheel-barrow.

A bad character better than none.—'Sir,' observed a publican, of Doncaster, to a man notorious for never speaking truth, 'you have taken away my character.' 'How so?' said the other, 'I never mentioned your name in my life.' 'No matter for that,' rejoined Boniface, 'before you came here, I was reckoned the greatest liar in the place.'

Interesting Calculation.—The New York Journal of Commerce shows that the quantity of rum, imported into this country for the last 43 years would supply a canal 68 feet long, 20 feet wide, and 4 feet deep! The quantity imported is 214,434,342 gallons. All this has been drunk in the United States. How many widows and orphans has it made! How much poverty—suffering—disease—crime—death?

A conceited fellow introducing his friend into company, said, 'Gentlemen I assure you he is not so great a fool as he seems.' The gentleman immediately replied, 'therein consists the difference between me and my friend.'

MORAL.

THE SABBATH.

It is the day of rest!—Let earth retire
 And leave my thoughts, eternal God, to thee.
 Let my dull heart, this sacred morning, be
 Warm'd by thy grace and touch'd with heavenly fire.
 Softly the Sabbath-bell is heard afar,
 Like mercy's summons to a feast of love!—
 On to the house of prayer the suppliants move,
 To tell their wants to him whose sons they are.
 Vain is the sculptur'd roof—the long drawn aisle—
 Vain music's tone, and vain the silken vest:
 That worshipper, and he alone, is blest,
 On whose rapt soul the Spirit deigns to smile.
 Yet do the Sabbath's joys but dimly show
 The bliss of that bright world to which we hope to go.

[For the Liberator.]

TEMPTATION RESISTED.

An interesting boy of about seven years of age, on entering school, a short time ago, came to me and said, 'Miss —, a woman in the street gave Frederic and Amelia, (his brother and a little girl who came to school with him) each an apple, but I took them both from them and put them in the cart.' 'Why did you take them from them?' said I. 'Because they did not belong to the woman,' said he, 'she took them out of a cart that stood in the street, and after she had given them to us, she ran away, and I knew she had broken the eighth commandment.' I then asked him what it was? 'Thou shalt not steal,' said he, with earnestness. The children to whom the apples were given, being considerably younger than he was, I asked him if they did not cry when he took them from them? 'No,' said he, 'I told them they were stolen.'

This was more than I expected from one so young, and I could only clasp him to my bosom and imprint on his forehead a kiss of affection; breathing a wish that those who scruple not to buy and sell innocent men, women and children, knowing them to have been stolen, would learn a lesson from the example of this little colored boy. ZELMIRE.

Boston, May 23, 1833.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Advice to Church Members: or Sketches of Human Nature; comprising useful hints relating to the duties and difficulties that occur in the intercourse of Christians with one another and with the world. By WILLIAM INNES, Minister in Edinburgh. Revised from the Edinburgh edition. Boston: James Loring, 1833, pp. 264.

An excellent work! It should be read by every professor of religion. Take the following chapter, on an important subject, as a specimen of the style and spirit of the writer:

A VIEW OF THE DECEITFULNESS OF THE HEART. It is impossible to enumerate the various ways in which the deceitfulness of the human heart appears. One of these, however, which is not uncommon, consists in men's indulging themselves in a considerable degree of devotedness to the world, under the guise of increasing their wealth, with a view to employ it in the service of God.

It is indeed very manifest, that property in the possession of a Christian, is a valuable means of usefulness. By the judicious application of it, he may be instrumental in extensively advancing the interests of the Messiah's kingdom. It is this that gives so plausible, and so apparently Christian an aspect, to a desire to add to our wealth, with the view of promoting such an object. But much watchfulness is here requisite. Though we set out with this object, and in some measure continue to keep it in view; yet, in the act of adding to our property, we may materially injure our own spiritual interests. The business of the world may so completely engross our thoughts, that no method of applying that property, after it is acquired, however well intended, or actually useful, will compensate for that inordinate occupation of mind about the things of the present life, which we may have indulged in the act of obtaining them.

Christians possessed of property, ought to be very careful in the conscientious application of it. It is a valuable talent entrusted to them, and they must at last give an account of the use they have made of it. But as the world is one of the most formidable foes which Christians have to encounter; as it has a perpetual tendency, in one way or another, to seduce our thoughts from those objects which ought supremely to occupy them; we ought to be not the less on our guard against its ensnaring influence, though, like the arch enemy of human happiness, it should transform itself into an angel of light; though it should solicit our pursuit, under the plausible form of employing what we acquire of it, in the service of God.

A Help to acquaintance with God. By JAMES SHERMAN, Minister of Castle Street Chapel, Reading, Eng. Boston: James Loring, 1833, pp. 177.

This is another interesting book, which we confidently recommend to all those who love pure Christianity, and who would know the happiness of 'walking with God.'

REMOVAL.

JAMES G. BARBADOS RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public generally, that he has removed from No. 56 to

NO. 26, BRATTLE STREET, where he still solicits their patronage, and is grateful for past favors.

He has now on hand, for sale, a variety of NEW AND SECOND-HAND CLOTHING AND FANCY GOODS, viz.—Velvet and Bombazine Stocks, Linen Dickses, Suspenders, &c. Also, a few dozen of Emerson's Razor Straps—D. Ritter's do.—Fancy Soap and Cologne. &c. &c.

Clothing cleansed and repaired in the neatest manner, cheap for cash or barter. All kinds of clothing bought and sold. March 16. tf

JOHN B. PERO, NOS. 2 & 3,

(Rear of Dock Square, near the City Tavern.) HAS on hand the following articles, which he offers to sell (wholesale or retail) as cheap as can be bought elsewhere, viz:—Double distilled Lavender, Scissors & Curling Tongs, Florida Water, English Dressing Combs, Florida Water, Honey Water, Bear's Oil, Antique do., Cocoa Nut do., Ward's Vegetable do., Milk of Roses, Otto of Rose, Powder Puffs, Superior French Hair Powder, Pomatum, Hair Brushes, Shaving do., Clothes do., Shoe do., Tooth do., Shaving Boxes, Snuff do., Wade and Butcher's Razors, Rodgers and Son do., Elliot's Silver Steel do., Scissors & Curling Tongs, English Dressing Combs, Pocket do., Fine Ivory do., Emerson's Razor Straps, Poirou's do. do., Rimer's do. do., Calf-skin Pocket Books & Wallets, Stocks, Cravats & Stiffeners, Gloves and Suspenders, Linen Collars & Bosoms, Superior Dutch Hones, Warren's Blacking, Day and Martin's do., Bell's Paste do., Silver Pencil Cases, Tooth Powder, Magnifying Glasses, Top Pieces & Curls, Hair Pins, &c. &c. April 27, 1833.

WILBERFORCE HOUSE.

FRANCIS WILES respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that his House, No. 152, Church-street, is still open for the accommodation of genteel persons of color with

BOARDING AND LODGING.

Grateful for past favors, he solicits a continuance of the same. His House is in a pleasant and healthy part of the city, and no pains or expense will be spared on his part to render the situation of those who may honor him with their patronage, as comfortable as possible. NEW-YORK, Feb. 21, 1833.

BOARDING HOUSE.

FOR THE ACCOMMODATION OF GENTLE PERSONS OF COLOR.

(At the corner of Leonard and Church streets, NEW-YORK.)

THE Proprietor of the above House returns his sincere thanks to his friends and the public for their liberal patronage, during the past season, and solicits a continuance of their favors; he assures them that no pains shall be spared to render satisfaction to the most fastidious. JOHN RICH. New-York, Feb. 12th, 1833.

MRS. E. JOHNSON

HAS opened the large and commodious house No. 150, Locust Street, Philadelphia, where she will be happy to accommodate Ladies and Gentlemen of color with board. Her house is in a very healthy and pleasant part of the city, between Tenth and Eleventh Streets. Philadelphia, May 3. 3m

BOARDERS WANTED.

FIVE or six respectable persons of color can be accommodated with Board in a private family. Terms moderate. Inquire at No. 70, Cambridge-street;—J. W. Lewis's blacksmith's shop, same Street;—at No. 1, George-street Court; or at the Office of the Liberator. Dec. 22

RESPECTABLE PERSONS OF COLOR, (none else) can be accommodated with board at the house of

PETER GARDNER,

No. 19, Powell Street, between Pine and Spruce and 5th and 6th Streets, Philadelphia. Philadelphia, May 21, 1833.

MOORE & BROTHER

RETURN their thanks to their friends and the public for their patronage.—They still continue to keep on hand an assortment of

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S BOOTS AND SHOES,

AT THEIR STAND—No. 163, Pine-street, above Sixth-street. PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 1832.

HOUSE LOTS FOR SALE.

FOUR House Lots, pleasantly situated in the City of Providence, R. I.; fronting northerly on Jail lane or Meeting-street—between Prospect and Hope streets. Two of them measuring sixty feet on said Meeting-street—one fifty-eight feet, and one fifty feet—extending back about ninety-eight feet.—Also a House Lot on Martin-street, in said Providence—fifty feet front by one hundred and thirty back—with a two story dwelling house thereon standing. Any or the whole of the above described property will be sold on favorable terms. GEORGE McCARTY. Providence, April 20, 1833.

PRUDENCE CRANDALL,

Principal of the Canterbury, (Conn.) Female Boarding School,

RETURNS her most sincere thanks to those who have patronized her School, and would give information that on the first Monday of April next, her School will be opened for the reception of young Ladies and little Misses of color. The branches taught are as follows:—Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, English Grammar, Geography, History, Natural and Moral Philosophy, Chemistry, Astronomy, Drawing and Painting, Music on the Piano, together with the French language.

The terms, including board, washing, and tuition, are \$25 per quarter, one half paid in advance.

Books and Stationary will be furnished on the most reasonable terms. For information respecting the School, reference may be made to the following gentlemen, viz:—Arthur Tappan, Esq., Rev. Peter Williams, Rev. Theodore Raymond, Rev. Theodore Wright, Rev. Samuel C. Cornish, Rev. George Bourne, Rev. Mr. Hayborn, New-York city;—Mr. James Forten, Mr. Joseph Cassey, Philadelphia, Pa.;—Rev. S. J. May, Brooklyn, Ct.;—Rev. Mr. Beman, Middletown, Ct.;—Rev. S. S. Jocelyn, New-Haven, Ct.;—Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Arnold Buffum, Boston, Mass.;—George Benson, Providence, R. I. Canterbury, (Ct.) Feb. 25, 1833.